figure well enough to feel sure

away-its like has never been known or

not to make my presence known to them. Before I met Pauline I wanted

to talk to Priscilla, and be guided by

her report as to my future method o

proceeding. But in spite of my deter-mination I yielded to the temptation of

drawing nearer-from where I stood I could not see her face-so I crept on

There was the hue of health upon her

cheek-there was the appearance of

entirely emerged from my lurking place. With the river between us our

She must in some way have remem

her. She dropped her pencil and sketch-book and sprang to her feet be-fore Priscilla's exclamation of surprise

and delight was heard. She stood looking at me as though she expected

would speak or come to her, whilst

Had I wished to retreat, it was now

too late. I found a crossing-place and

in a minute or two was on the opposite

Pauline had not moved, but Priscilla

"Does she remember-does she know

"Not yet: but she will. I am sure

self and walked toward my wife

Breathing a prayer that her pr

Pauline, do you know me?"

be content and ask no question.

might come true, I reached Pauline

side and held out my hand. She took it

without hesitation, and raised her dark

eyes to mine. How did I refrain from

She dropped her eyes. "Priscilla has

talked of you. She tells me you are a

friend and that until you came I must

But do you not remember me?

fancied you knew me just now."

She sighed. "I have seen you in dreams—strange dreams." As she

spoke a bright blush spread over her

"I can not. I have been ill, very ill,

"Not now-not now," she cried.

Had she an inkling of the truth?

Were the dreams she spoke of but the

struggles of growing memory? Did

that bright ring which was still on her

finger suggest to her what had hap-pened?" Yes. I would wait and hope.

We walked back together, with

Priscilla following at a proper distance.

Pauline seemed to accept my society as

though it was a perfectly natural thing

to do so. When the path grew steep or

as though its support was her right. Yet for a long time she said nothing. "Where have you come from? she

"From a long, long journey of many

rugged, she held out her hand for min

"Where have you come from?

were always traveling. Did you

"Tell me where he is?"

what you sought?" she asked, eagerly.

"Anthony—my own brother — the boy they killed. Where is his grave?"

"Thank God! I shall be able to pray

She spoke, if excitedly, quite sensi-

bly, but I wondered she was not crav-

ing for justice to be meted out to the

"Do you wish for vengeance on those

who killed him.
"Vengeance! what good can ven-

geance do? It will not bring him back

life. It happened long ago. When,

"He has, in a great measure. One

died in a prison raving mad; another is

in chains, working like a slave; the

"It will come to him, sooner or later.

She shuddered at the name and said

no more. Just before we reached the

house in which they lodged, she said,

"You will take me to Italy-to his

I promised, only too glad to find how

instinctively she turned to me to prefer

the request. She must remember more

the place, and then we will speak of the

"I will go there," she said, "and see

We were now at the garden gate. I

"Pauline," I said, "try-try to re-

A ghost of the old puzzled look came

into her eyes; she passed her disen-gaged hand over her forehead, and

then, without a word, turned away and

My tale is drawing to an end, al-

though I could, for my own pleasure,

every occurrence of the next month-

describing every look, repeating every

word that passed between Pauline and

myself, but if I wrote them they would

be sacred from all persons save two-

If my situation was an anomalous one

it had at least a certain charm. It was

a new wooing, none the less entertain-

ing and sweet because its object hap-

pened to be already my wife in name.

It was like a landowner walking over

his estate and in every direction finding

unsuspected beauties and unknown

me fresh charms in the woman I loved.

clouded eyes and strive to learn their

secrets was a reward that repaid me for

all that I suffered. To find that her in-

tellect, now restored, was fit to be

matched with any one's-to know that

trait called by some self-confidence,

and by others conceit. The more I

condescend to accept

love and admire in Pauline, the

a sympathetic friend-how

scribe my rapture?

write chapter after chapter.

she gave herself credit for.

third, as yet, is unpunished."

softly and beseechingly:

took her hand in mine.

I know not: but now it seems years ago.

God may have avenged him by now

is buried by the side of his

"Yes. I found the truth. I know

"Wait, and it may all come

for a long time. I have forgotten much

"Tell me the dreams," I said.

everything that happened.

"Shall I tell you?

eagerly.

asked, at last.

everything."

mother.

murderers.

Which is it?"

past no more."

member me.

entered the house.

my wife and myself.

thousands of miles."

"Where who is?"

she will, Master Gilbert."

clasping her to my heart!

" I whispered, as I disengaged my-

ran to meet me and almost shook my

the old servant was sending words of

welcome across the noisy stream.

my heart's content.

married.

bands off.

Hard as I found it to do so, I resolved

TO THE KING-MY SON.

My durling boy, my durling boy!
God gave thee unto me
To teach me life's divinest joy—
Love's purest eestacy.
While through the windows of thine eyes
I catch a glimpse of Paradise.

Ah, happy, prattling, laughing spritel My King by right divine! Thou rulest with a love born might, To bend all hearts to thine, conquered upon every hand live alone for thy command.

My darling boy, my darling boyl Ged give it unto me becop thee free from earth's alloy— Life's every misery; blead thee till thy manhood's gaze and pierce beyond earth's mortal days.

Ah, then, thou prattling, laughing sprite! -True King, of right divine.

Thou still single rule with love-born might
To bind all hearts to thine,
Till last the incense of just praise
Embalm the memory of thy days.

—Espy W. H. Williams, in Current.

## CALLED BACK.

A Well-Told Story of Continuous and Absorbing Interest.

BY HEGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED. Petroff supported him, and Macari at last suddenly yielded, with the stipulation that I should be disposed of in the manner already related. Had the means been at hand, I should have been drugged at once; as it was, the old servant, who as yet knew nothing of the tragedy which had taken place, was roused up and sent out in search of the needful draught. The accomplices dared not let me leave their sight, so I was compelled to sit and listen to all their actions.

Why did Ceneri not denounce th murder? Why was he, at least, an accessory after the crime? I can only believe that he was a worse man than he confessed himself to be, or that he trembled at his share in the transaction. After all, he had been planning a crime almost as black, and when the truth as to the trust money was known, no jury in the world would have acquitted him Perhaps both he and Petroff held human life lightly; their hands were certainly not clean from political assassination Feeling that a trial must go hard with them, they threw their lot in with Ma cari's, and at once set about baffling in

quiry and hiding all traces of the crime Now that they were all sailing in the same boat, they had little doubt of success. Teresa was perforce taken into their confidence. This was no matter, as, devoted to Ceneri, she would have aided in a dozen murders had her mas ter decreed them. First of all, they must get rid of me. Petroff-for Cener would not trust me in Macari's handswent out and found a belated cab. For a handsome consideration the driver consented to lend it to him for an hour and a half. It was still night, so there was no diffiulty in carrying my sense less form to it without observation. Petroff drove off, and having depos

ited me in a by-way a long distance from the house, returned the cab to its owner and rejoined his companions. And now for Pauline. Her moan

had gradually died away, and she lay in a death-like stupor. The great dan-ger to the accomplices would be from per. Until she recovered nothing could be done save to carry her to her room and place her under Teresa's charge. When she awoke they must decide wha course to pursue.

But the pressing thing was how to make away with the dead body of the murdered man. All sorts of plans were discussed, until one at last was adopted the very audacity of which no doubt made it a success. They were now growing desperate and prepared to risk

Early in the morning a letter was dispatched to Anthony's lodging, saying that Mr. March had been taken seriously ill the night before, and was at his uncle's. This served to stop any inquiry from that quarter. In the mean-time the poor young fellow had been laid out as decently as possible, and with everything that could be done to suggest a natural death. A doctor's certificate of death was then forged. Ceneri did not tell me how the was obtained. The man he got it from knew nothing of its object. An undertaker was then ordered to send a coffin and deal case for the same the next night. The body, in Ceneri's presence, as simply placed inside it, with none of the usual paraphernalia, the reason given for such apparent indecency beg that it was only a temporary arrangement, as it was to be taken abroad for interment. The undertaker marveled, but being well paid, held his peace. Then, by the aid of the forged certificate, the proper formalities were complied with, and in two days' time the three men, in the garb of mourners, were traveling to Italy with the body of There was nothing to stop them, nothing suspicious in their manner or in the circumstances of the case. They actually took the coffin to the town where Anthony's mother died, and they buried the son by the side of the mother, with his name and the date of his death recorded on the stone. Then they felt safe from everybody except

They were safe even from her. When she at last woke from her stupor, even Teresa could see that something had gone wrong. She said nothing about the scene she had witnessed; she asked no questions. Her past had vanished. According to instructions given her, Teresa, as soon as possible, took her to Ceneri in Italy, and he saw that Macari's crime had deprived the brother of life and the sister of reason. No search or inquiry was made for

Anthony March. Carrying out his bold plan to the very letter, Ceneri instructed an agent to take possession of his few personal effects at his lodgings, and to inform the people there that I died at his house and been taken to Italy to be buried with his mother. A few friends for a while regretted a companion, and there was an end of the af-tair. Nothing having been heard of

the blind man, it was supposed he had been wise enough to keep his own coun-

Months and months passed by, whitst Pauline remained in the same state. Teresa took charge of her and lived with her in Turin until that time when I saw them at St. Giovanni. Ceneri, who had no fixed home, saw little of the girl. His presence did not awaken any painful recollections in her mind. to him the sight of his niece was unbearable. It recalled what he was eager to forget. She never seemed happy in Italy; in her uncertain way was pining for England. Anxious to get her out of his sight, he had con-sented that Teresa should take her to London-had, in fact, come to Turin that particular day to arrange as to their departure. Macari, who, even with a brother's blood between them, considered her in some way his prop-erty, accompanied him. He had been continually urging Ceneri to let him marry her, even as she was now. He had threatened to carry her off by force He had sworn she would be his. remembered nothing-why should be

not wed her? Bad as Ceneri was, he had recoiled from this. He would even, had it been possible, have broken off all intercourse with Macari: but the men were too deep in each other's secrets to be divided on account of a crime, however atrocious; so he sent Pauline to England. There she was safe from Macari. Then came my proposal, the acmy expense, entirely off his hands and

out of his companion's way. Hence our strange marriage, which even now he justified by saying that should the girl grow attached to any one, should any feeling corresponding

mind-that mind would gradually be built up again. This, not in his own words, was Ceneri's tale. I now knew all I wanted to know. Perhaps he had painted himself in better colors than he deserved but he had given me the whole dark history freely and unreservedly, and in of the loathing and abhorrence ith which he now inspired me, I felt

that he had told me the truth. CHAPTER VIV

DOES SHE HEMEMBER? It was time to bring our interview to an end. It had lasted so long that the civil Captain had more than once peeped in with a significant look on his face, as much as to say there was such a thing as overstepping the limits of even such an authority as I held. I had no desire to protract the conversation with the convict. The object of my long journey had been attained. I had learned all that I could learn. I knew Pauline's history. The crime had been The man with me had fully confessed. no claim upon my consideration. Even had I felt inclined to help him I had no means of so doing. Why should I

linger? But I did linger for a while. The thought that my rising and giving the signal that my business was finished would immediately consign the prisoner to that loathsome den from which he had emerged, was inexpressively painful to me. Every moment I could keep him with me would be precious to him Never again would he see the face of a friend or acquaintance.

He had ceased speaking. He sat with his head bent forward; his eyes resting on the ground. A tattered, haggard, wretch; so broken down that one dare not reproach him. I watched

Presently he spoke: "You can find no excuse for me, Mr. Vaughan?"
"None," I said. It seems to m there is little to choose between you and

your associates." He rose wearily. "Pauline will re-cover, you think?" he asked. "I think—I hope I shall find her al-

nost well on my return.' "You will tell her how you hav found me; she may be happier in knowing that Anthony's death has indirectly brought me to this." I bowed assent to this dreary request.

"I must go back now," he said, with kind of shiver, and dragging his weary limbs slowly toward the door. In spite of his sins I could not let th vretched being go without a word.

"Stop a moment," I said. "Tell me if there is anything I can do to make your life any easier. He smiled faintly. "You may give me money—a little. I may be able to keep it and buy a few prisoners' luxu-

I gave him several notes which secreted on his person. "Will you have more?" I asked. He shook his head.

"I expect these will be stolen from me before I spend them." "But is there no way of leaving noney with any one for your use?" "You might leave some with th

Captain. It may be, if he is kind hearted and honest, a portion of it may reach me. But even that is doubtful. I promised to do so, and knew that whether it reached him or not I should feel easier for having made the at-

"But what will your future be Where are they taking you, and what will be your life?"

"They are taking us right to the enof Siberia—to Nertchinsk. There I shall be drafted off with others to work oot and in chains "What an awful fate!"

Ceneri smiled. "After what I have bassed through it is Paradise opening fore me. When a man offends against the Russian law his one hope is that he may be sent at once to Siberia. That means going from hell to heaven.' "I do not understand."

"You would if you had lain like me for months, untried and uncondemned If you had been placed in a cell with out light, without air, without room to move. If you had heard those next to you screaming in their madness-mad ness brought on by solitary confinement and cruel treatment. If every morning as you woke you had said, I, too shall be an idiot before night-fall. you had been frozen, beaten, starved order to make you betray you friends. If you had been reduced to such a state that your death-warrant would be welcome, then, Mr. Vaughan, you would look forward to and long for the gentle rigors of Siberia. I swear to you, sir," he continued, with more fire and animation than he had dis played, "that if the civilized nations of Europe knew one-tenth part of the hor rors and deeds in a Russian prison, they

would say, guilty or innocent, no he man beings shall be tormented like this and for the sake of common humanity would sweep the whole accursed Govern ment from the face of the earth!" "But twenty years in the mines! there no hope of escaping?"

"Where could I escape to? Look a the map and see where Nertchinsk is. If I escaped I could only wander about the mountains until I died or until some of the savages around killed me. No Mr. Vaughan, escapes from Siberia only occur in novels.

"Then you must slave until you death? "I hope not. I once gathered together much information respecting Sibe rian convicts, and, to tell you the truth was rather disgusted to find how incor rect the common opinion is. Now I can

only hope my researches showed me th

truth. "The treatment is not so bad, then?" "It is bad enough, as you are always at the mercy of a petty tyrant. There is no doubt but for a year or two I mus slave in the mines. If I survive the toil which is very unlikely. I may, by find ing favor in the ruler's eyes, be released rom further work of that description I may even be allowed to reside at some town and earn my living. I have great hopes that my professional skill may be of use to me. Doctors are scarce in Asiatic Russia."

Little as he deserved it, my hear choed his wish: but as I looked at him I felt sure there was small chance of his enduring even a year's toil at the

The door opened and the Captain once more looked in. He was growing quite impatient. I had no reason for wishing to prolong the conversation, so I told him I should have finished in moment. He nodded his head and withdrew.

If there is anything more I can do let me know;" I said, turning to Ceneri. "There is nothing-Stay! one thing Macari, that villain—sooner or later h will get his deserts. I have suffered so will be. When that time comes, will you try to send me word? It may be difficult to do so, and I have no right to ask the favor. But you have interest, and might get intelligence sent me. If I am not dead by then it will make me happier.

Without waiting for my reply walked hastily to the door, and with the sentry at his side was marched off to the prison. I followed him. the cumbrous lock was being

turned he paused. "Farewell, Mr. Vaughan," he said. "If I have wronged you I entreat your pardon. We shall meet no more.

"So far as I am concerned I forgive

ou reserv."

He hesitated a moment and then held out his hand. The door was now open. I could see the throng of repulsive, vilainous faces—the faces of his fellowprisoners. I could hear the jabber of curiosity and wonder. I could smell to affection be awakened in her clouded the foul odors coming from that reeking den crowded with filthy humanity. And in such a place as this, with such associates, a man of education, culture and refined tastes, was doomed to spen his last days. It was a fearful punish

Yet it was well merited. As he stood on the threshold with outstretched hand I felt this. To all intents and purposes the man was a murderer. Much moved as I was by his fate I could not bring myself to grasp his hand. My refusal may have been hareh, but I could not

He saw that I did not respond to his action. A flush of shame passed over his face; he bowed his head and turned away. The soldier took him roughly by the arm and thrust him through the Then he turned, and his eves met mine with an expression that haunted me for days. He was gazing thus when the heavy door was shut and hid him from my sight forever.

I turned away sick at heart, perhaps regretting I had added anything to his shame and punishment. I sought my obliging friend, the Captain, and rehis word of honor that any money I left with him should be ex pended for the convict's benefit. I placed a considerable sum in his hands, and can only hope that a part of it reached its destination.

Then I found my interpreter, and

ordered horses to be at once procured and the tarantass brought out. I would start without a moment's delay for En-gland—and Pauline.

In half an hour all was ready Ivan and I stepped into the carriage; the yemschik flourished his whip; the norses sprang forward; the bells jingled merrily, and away we went in the darkness, commencing the return jour-ney which counted by thousands of miles. It was only now, when burning to find myself home again, that I realized the fearful distance which lay between me and my love.

A turn of the road soon hid the gloomy ostrog from my sight, but it was not until we were miles and miles away that my spirits recovered anything like their former tone, and it was days before I ceased to think, at nearly every moment, of that terrible place in which I had found Ceneri, and to which I saw him again consigned after my business with him was finished.

As this is not a book of travel I will not recapitulate the journey. The weather nearly all the time was favor able, the roads were in good condition. My impatience forced me to travel almost day and night. I spared no expense; my extraordinary passport procured me horses when other travelers were compelled to wait-my large gratuities made those horses use their best speed. In thirty-five days we drove up to the Hotel Russia at Novgorod, with the tarantass in such a dilapidated condition that in all probability another stage would have finished its work in this world. I bestowed it a free gift, upon my guide, who, I believe, sold it immediately for three rubles.

From Nijnei by rail to sloseow; from Moscow to St. Petersburg. I only tarried in the capital long enough to pay my respects to Lord —, and once more thank him for his assistance then, having collected what luggage had left there, away for England

On my road back from Irkutsk found letters from Priscilla at Tomsk. at Tobolsk and at Perm, also more re-All up to the date of the last was going on well. Priscilla had taken her charge to Devonshire. Having been reared that county the old woman had a great in the mines. We go all the way on | belief in its virtues. They were at a quiet, but beautiful little watering place on the north coast, and Priscilla averred that Pauline "was blooming as a rose, and seemed as sensible as Maste Gilbert himself."

No wonder after hearing this good news I was eager to reach homeing, not only to see my wife again, but to see her as I had never yet seen her, with her mind restored. Would she re member me? How should we meet Would she at last learn to love me Were my troubles at an end or only begun? These were the questions which could only be answered when England was reached.

Home at last! How delightful to stand among one's own countrymen, and hear nothing but good intelligible English around me. I am bronzed with exposure to the wind and sun, my beard has grown to a great length; one or two acquaintances I met when I reached London scarcely knew me. In m present trim I could not hope that hould awaken any recollection Pauline's mind.

By the aid of a razor and fresh ap-

parel I was soon converted to a fairly good semblance of my former self, and then, without having apprised even Priscilla of my return, I started for the West, to see what fate had in store for

What is a run across England after a man has made such a journey as my recent one? Yet that pitiful hundred and fifty miles seemed to me as long as a thousand did a month ago. The few miles I had to go by coach, and, although four splendid horses spun us along, each individual mile seemed as long as a Siberian stage. But the journey was at last ended, and, leaving my baggage in the coach office, I sallied with a beating heart to find

Pauline. I went to the address given in Pris cilla's letter. The house was a quiet little building, nestling on a wooded bank, with a sloping garden in front, full of late summer flowers. Honey-suckle twined round the porch, great sunflowers stared fiercely from the beds. and carnations sweetened the air. I waited for the door to be opened I had time to approve Priscilla's choice of

resting-place.
I inquired for Mrs. Drew. She was not at home-had gone out with the young lady some time ago, and would not be back until the evening. I turned away and went in search

It was early in autumn, but the leaf showed no signs of fading. Everything was green, fresh and beautiful. The sky was cloudless, and a soft balmy air fanned my cheek. I paused and looked around me before I decided in which direction to go. Far below my feet lay the little fishing village; its houses clustered round the mouth of the noisy, brawling stream which ran down the valley and leaped joyously into the sea. On either hand were great tors and be-hind them inland hills covered with woods, and in front of me stretching away and away was the calm green sea. The scene was fair enough, but I turned away from it. I wanted Pau-

It seemed to me that on such a day as this the shady woods and the running stream must offer irresistible attractions; so I found my way down the steep hill and began walking up the river side, whilst the merry stream danced past me, throwing its rich brown peat-stained waters into a thousand little cascades as it shot over and foamed round the great bowlders which disputed its passage.

I followed its course for about a mile

more I asked myself how I could dare now clambering over moss-grown to expect that so peerless a creature rocks, now wading through fern and the life I wished to offer her? I forcing my way through pliant hazel was rich, it was true, but I was sure boughs-then in an open space on the opposite bank I saw a girl sitting that riches would not buy her affection -besides, as I had not told her that her sketching. Her back was toward me.

own wealth was swept away, she rancied her fortune was as large as my own. She was young, beautiful, and, If I had needed extra assurance I had as far as she knew, free and amply pro-vided for. No, I had nothing to offer but to look at her companion, who sat near her and appeared to be dozing over a book. I should have recog-nized that shawl of Priscilla's a mile her which was worthy of her accept-

I quite dreaded to look forward the moment which must sooner or later come the moment when I must, ignoring the past, ask her once more my wife. No wonder I decided to postpone the ordeal until I felt quite certain that the result of it would be favorable to me. No wonder that when with Pauline, and realizing the value of the prize I aimed at, I grew quite humble and depreciatory of what merits I may have possessed. No won der that at times I wished that I were inch by inch till I was nearly opposite the sketcher, and, half hidden by the undergrowth, I stood watching her to gifted with that pleasing assurance time and opportunity being given, seems to go a long way toward winning woman's heart.

health in every movement, and as she Time and opportunity at least we turned and spoke a few words to her not wanting in my case. companion there was that in her look I had taken up my quarters near to n her smile which made my heart her, and from morn to night we were bound. The wife I returned to was different being from the girl I had

each other's company. We wan dered through the narrow Devonshire She turned and looked across the an s, with their luxuriant banks ferns on either side. We climbed the rugged tors. We fished with more or stream. Carried away by my joy I had success the rapid streams. drove together. We read and sketched -but as vet we had not talked of love: though all the while my wedding-ring bered me. Were it but as in a dream my face must have seemed familiar to

was on her finger. It required all my authority to pro vent Priscilla telling Pauline the truth. On this point I was firm. Unless the past came back of its own accord, I would hear her say she loved me be-fore my lips revealed it to her. Perhaps it was the idea which at time came to me, that Pauline remembered more than she would own to, kept me steadfast in this resolution.

It was curious the way in which at once fell into friendly, unconstrained intercourse with me. We might have known each other from childhood, so perfectly natural and unembarrassed was her manner when we were together. She made no demur when begged her to call me by my Christian name, nor did she object to my making use of her own. Had she done so, I can not think in what form I should have addressed her. Although I had instructed Priscilla to call her Mis March, the old woman stoutly objected to this, and compounded matters by speaking to and of her as Miss Paul-

> [TO BE CONTINUED.] DOG FOR SUPPER

ndians Who Raise Colonies of Dogs the Luxury of Eating Them.

It is a curious and strange fact that the North American Indian of all tribes will turn away from the choicest beef, venison, or buffalo hump, if he can be sure of getting a dog instead; and many of the tribes raise colonies of dogs for the same purpose that we do beeves. Once let a Cheyenne get hold of dog for cooking purposes, and he is fixed for the week. I took a peep into the lodge of Iron Shirt, and there lay a fine dog before the coals, nice and brown to a turn, all ready for supper. As there were no dogs in camp, I in quired of Rowland how it happened that Iron Shirt was so fortunate in se curing one. Rowland questioned that brave on the subject, and I learned that party of English tourists had paid s visit to the camp a few days previous out of curiosity, and that the dog was theirs. From the moment the doomed canine entered the Indian village Iron Shirt had kept his covetous eyes glued upon the animal until, watching chance, he secured the prize and spirited it out of sight until the Englishmen had taken their departure. The dog was a Gordon setter and had been brought along by the tourists for hunting purposes. Iron Shirt did not consider his action in the case wrong or improper, as stealing is looked upon as a virtue rather than a crime by all men, and that is why the Chevennes happened to have a dog for supper on this particular evening. - Fort Keogli Cor. Pittsburgh Commercia: Gazette.

Five Little Fishes

Captain Beckett, of the British ship Amana, now in port, has a shark story which merits a place in nautical literature, because it bears the imprint of reality, and can be proved by the affidavits of Captain Beckett and of every member of his crew. When his ship was off Montevideo she was becalmed for several hours. A shark with five little ones hung around the ves sel all day. As soon as there was commotion on the water the mother would open her mouth and the littl ones would dart inside for protection For amusement the sailors threw bit of refuse overboard among the family disturbing the water, each time with the same result. The young quintet immediately disappeared down the capacious countenance of their protect-or. On the following morning a shark hook and line, baited with pork, was thrown overboard, and in a short time a shark was landed on deck. Upor being opened it was discovered to b the very same fish which had amused the boys the day before, because five young sharks were safely stowed away inder her tongue. - Portland Oregonian

-The Cincinnati Enquirer has com o the conclusion that too much dignity injures a man's character and chance He should have just enough to keep him level when a lurch of the street car throws a two hundred and ten pound woman into his lap.

CUSHION STUFFING. An Insight of Some of the Tricks of Trade by a Repairer. In the rear of a small harness-shop in a New Jersey village, the other day, the proprietor was making a thumping noise and raising a big dust by pounding with a whip-stock a heap of curly black hair, which he had taken out of

an old carriage cushion. "What are you pounding that hair for?" was asked when he stopped to get a breath and wipe the moisture from his forehead with a red cotton bandkerchief. " It is not hair," said the man.

"What is it, then?'
"A mixture of marsh grass, moss and cocoanut fiber. Good imitation though, isn't it? You see, hair is a mines of wealth. Every day showed first-class article for stuffing mattresses, cushions, etc., but it is expensive. Her smile was a joy greater than I had ever pictured, her laugh a revelaclipped from the tails and manes horses, dead and alive, from the tails of tion. To gaze into those bright uncattle, from the bellies of hogs and from the human head. It is twisted into ropes to make it kinky, and when the kink is set it is used to stuff the cushion. It costs a lot of money ever when freely mixed with short hair. Most people prefer a genuine hair when the time came I should be given not only a wife, beautiful in my eyes, above all women, but a companion and cushion at fifty cents to a genuine hair cushion at five dollars. manufacturers accommodated with this mixture. Sometimes fine Yet it was a rapture not unmodified split whalebone is put in the mixture, by doubts and fears. It may be that and sometimes, but not often, it is di character lacked that very useful luted a little with hair. The stuff costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars a ton. It packs with use, but the cover of the cheap cushion wears out about as soon. We can make a new cover and then use the old filling over again by whipping it with a slender whip to There is no money in such

stuff for any one who handles it but

we've got to meet the demand. - N. Y.

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS.

There was not a larger house in all ne valley than Grandfather Vrooman's was old and comfortable, and seemed

lie sound asleep, with a snow blancet all over its roof. Nothing short of a real old-fashioned

hristmas could wake up such a house s that. Christmas was coming!

Unless Santa Claus and the Simpsons and the Hopkinses should forget the day of the month, they would all be ere at waking-up time to-morrow morning.
"Jane," said Grandmother Vrooman hat afternoon, to her daughter, Mrs Hardy, who lived with her-"Jane, I'v got 'em all fixed now just where they're

on the floor in the store-room. "Why, mother, who's that for?" "You wait and see, after they get here, and we've counted 'em. "Anyhow, there's cookies enough

going to sleep, and I've made up a bed

and doughnuts." "And the pies, Jane?"
"And I'm glad Liph gathered such piles of butternuts. "Oh, mother," exclaimed little Sue I gathered as many as he did, and

eech-nuts, and hickory-nuts, and-"So you did, Sue; but I wonder if two turkeys 'll go round, with only two pair of chickens?" "Mother," said Mrs. Hardy, plum-pudding?

"Yes, but all those children! I do hope they'll get here to-night in time for me to know where I'm going to put

north road, two miles nearer town, there was a sort of dot on the white road. If you were far enough away from it, it looked like a black dot, and did not seem to move. The nearer you came to it the funnier it looked, and the more it seemed to be trudging along with an immense amount of small en ergy. Very small, indeed, for anybody close up to it would have seen that was a 5-year old boy in a queer little suit of gray, trimmed with red. had on a warm gray cap, and right in the middle of the front of it were worked a pair of letters-"O. A.". -but there was nobody with the gray dot to explain that those two letters stood for Orphan Asylum." No, nor to tell how easy it was for a boy of 5 years old, with all the head under his gray cap full of Christmas ideas, to turn the wrong corner where the roads crossed south of the great Orphan Asylum Building. That was what he had done, and he had walked on and on, wondering why the big building did not come in sight, until his small legs were getting tired, and his brave, bright little black eyes were all but ready for a cry-

ng spell.
Just as he got thoroughly discour aged he came to the edge of the woods, where there stood a wood sleigh with two horses in front of it, drawn close to the road-side, and heaped with great green boughs and branches.
"The sleigh's pretty nigh full, grand-

father," sang out a clear, boyish voice beyond the fence, and a very much older one seemed to go right on talking.
"Your grandmother, Liph, she al ways did make the best mince pies, and

she can stuff a turkey bettern'n any one I know. "Grandfather, do you s'pose they'l all come?" Guess they will. That there spruce 'll do for the Christmas tree. Your

grandmother said we must fetch a big "That's a whopper. But will Joe Simpson and Bob Hopkins be bigger 'n

they were last summer?' "Guess they've grown a little. They'll grow this time, if they eat all their grandmother 'll want 'em to. Hello, iph, who's that out ther

'Guess it's a boy." "I declare if it isn't one of them little gray mites from the 'sylum. Way out here! I say, bub."

There was a scared look in the black eves, for they had never seen anything quite like Grandfather Vrooman, when he pushed his face out between the

branches. The trees all looked as if they had beards of snow, but none had a longer or whiter one that Liph's grandfather. "Bijah," said he, "did you know

Christmas was coming?" "Be here to-morrow," piped the dot in gray, "and we're going to have tur-"You don't say! Just you wait until

I cut a tree down, and I'll come out and hear all about it." "Is your name Santa Claus?" "Did you hear that, Liph? The little

chap's miles from home, and I don't believe he knows it." "Is that your sleigh?"
"Yes, Bijah, that's my sleigh." "Those ain't reindeers, and you're

bigger'n you used to be, "Hear that, Liph?" Bijah had not the least doubt in the rorld but that he had discovered Santa Claus in the very act of getting ready for Christmas, and his black eyes were growing bigger every minute, until Liph began to climb over the fence. Then he set off on a run as fast as hi legs could carry him. "Hold on," shouted Liph, "We won't

hurt you.' "Let him go," said Grandfather Vrooman. "He's on the road to our house. We'll pick him up." "Took me for Santa Claus, I declare

Liph, this here tree'll just suit your grandmother. It was a splendid young spruce tree with wide-reaching boughs at less than two feet from the snow level. Grandfather Vrooman worked his way care fully in until he could reach the trunk with saw and axe, and then there was sharp bit of work for him and Liph to get that "Christmas tree" stowed safely on the top of the sleigh load. "Now for home, Liph. Your grand-mother 'll cut into one of them new

pies for you when you get there." "Look!" shouted Liph, "that little fellow's waiting for us at the top of the The hill was not a high one, and the road led right over it, and there on the summit stood Bijah.

"I'm so tired and hungry," he to himself, "and there comes old Santa Claus, sleigh and all." He was getting colder, too, now he vas standing still, and when Grandfather Vrooman came along the road,

Liph perched among the evergreens and drove, there seemed to be some thing warm about him. It was not so much his high fur or his tremendous overcoat, or his long white beard, or the way he smiled, but something in the sound of his voice almost drove the frost out of Bijah's

"Well, my little man, don't you want to come to my house and get some pie?" "Yes, sir. Bijah could not think of one other word he wanted to say, and he mus-tered all the courage he had not to cry when Grandfather Vrooman picked

him up, as if he had been a kitten, and perched him by the side of Liph among the evergreens. On he went, and Bijah did not an swer a single one of Liph's questions for five long minutes. Then he turned his black eyes full on his driver and sked, "Do you live with Santa Clau-

his own house?" "Yes, sir-ee," responded Liph. great chuckle of fun; but all he had do the rest of the way home was to spin varus for Bliah about the way they

nved at the house where all the Unrist-

mas came from. When they got there, Liph's father and the hired man and Grandfather Vrooman were ready to lift off that Christmas tree and carry it through the front door and hall, and set it up in the "dark room" at the end of the hall. That ought to have been the nicest room in the house, for it was right in the middle, but there were no windows in it. There were doors in every direction, however, and in the center of the ceiling was a "scuttle hole" more than two feet square, with a wooden lid on

"John," said Grandfather Vrooman to Mr. Hardy, "we'll hoist the top of the tree through the hole. You go up and open the scuttle. Hitch the top good and strong. There'll be lots of things to hang on them branches.'

Liph's father hurried upstairs to open the scuttle, and that gave Grandfather think of Bijah. Vrooman a chance to

Where is he, Liph?" "Oh, he's all right. Grandmother's got him. She and mother caught him before he got into the house. He tried o run away, too."

Bijah's short legs had been too tired to carry him very fast, and Grand-mother Vrooman and Mrs. Hardy had eaught him before he got back to the The way they laughed about it gave

him a great deal of courage, and he never cried when they took him by his red little hands, one on each side, and walked him into the house.
"Jane," said grandmother, "what
will we do with him? The house'll be

choke, jam, packed full, and there isn't an extra bed. At the very minute, away up the "Father found him in the snow somewhere. Just like him. But what a rosy little dot he is?" "Are you Santa Claus' wives?" asked

Bijah, with a quiver of his lip in spite of himself. How they did chuckle when they tried to answer that question! All they made clear to Bijah was that the place for him was in a hig chair before the sitting-room fire-place, with a plate of mince-pie in his lap, and Bush, the big house-dog, sitting beside him. "It's Santa Claus' dog," said Bifah

to himself; "but his house isn't as is the 'sylum. CHAPTER II.

There were fire-places in every room the ground floor of Grandfather rooman's house and some kind of tove in more than half the rooms up-

There were blazing fires on every earth downstairs, and Liph got hold of Bijah after a while and made and Bush go around with him to help poke them up. Bijah had never seen a fire-place before, and it was a great wonder to him, but Bush sat down in front of each fire and barked at it. It was getting dark when they reach ed the great front parlor, and the fire-

lace there was wonderful. "Woof, woof, woof," barked Bush. Bijah stood still in the door while inh went near enough to give that fire s poke, and he could hear Grandfather rooman away back in the sitting-

mewhere. Put him in one of the stockings, and hang him up."
"That's me," groaned Bijah. ing to make a present of me to some-

Oh, dear! I wish I could run But he could not, for there was Liph and there was Bush, and it was getting dark.

"Now, my dear," went on grandfather, "I'll just light up, and then I'll go and meet that train. I'll bring Prue and her folks, and Pat'll meet the other, and bring Ellen and hers. Won' the old home be full this time?"

"He's caught some more somewhere," ispered Rijah to himself. "I wonder who'll get 'em? Who'll get me?"

That was an awful question, but Liph and Bush all but ran against him just then, and he heard grandmother say: "You'll have to stick candles on the window-sills. I can't spare any lamps for unstairs."

"But, my dear, it's got to be lit upvery room of it, I want 'em to know Christmas is going."
"That's what they were all saying a

the 'sylum this morning." thought Bijah, "and here I am, right where it's coming to. So he was, and he and Liph and Bush watched them finish setting the supper table, till suddenly Bush gave a great

bark and sprang away toward the front loor. Grandfather Vrooman had hardly been gone from the house an hour, and here he was, back again. Jingle, jingle, jingle. How the sleigh-bells did dance as that great load of young folk came down the road, and

what a racket they made at the gate, and how Bush and Liph, and grandmother, and the rest did help them! "He's caught 'em all," "but they ain't scared a bit." No one would have thought so if they had seen Mrs. Prue Hopkins and her husband and her six children follow

Grandfather Vrooman into the house. They were hardly there, and some of them had their things on yet, when there came another jingle, and ever so much talking and laughter down the other road.

"He's caught some more. Some are little and some are big. I wonder who'll ret the baby?" Bush was making himself hoarse, and had to be spoken to by Mr. Hardy, while Mrs. Simpson tried to unmix her children from the Hopkinses long enough to be sure none of them had

ropped out of the sleigh on the road.

Then Liph set to work to introduce his cousins to Bijah, and Bush came and stood by his new friend in gray, to see that it was properly done. "Where'd you come from?" said Joe

Simpson.
"Sylum," said Bijah. "Where'd he eatch you?" "Catch what?" said Joe, but Liph nanaged to choke off the chuckle he was going out, and to shout out:
"Why, Joe, we found him in the road He thinks grandfather's old to-day.

Santa Claus, and this house is Christmas. "So I am-so it is," said Grandfather Vrooman. "We'll make him hang up his stocking with all the rest to-night." Bijah could not feel scared at all with o many children around him, and he was used to being among a crowd of them. Still, it was hard to feel at home after supper, and he might have had a blue time of it if it hadn't been for Liph and Bush. It had somehow got

walking in front of the sleigh, while into Bush's mind that the dot in into Bush's mind that the dot in gray was under his protection, and he followed Bijah from one corner to another. All the doors in the "dark room' were open, and it was the lightest room in the house, with its big fire on the hearth and all the lamps that were taken in after supper; but there was not one thing hanging on the Christ-mas tree until Grandfather Vrooman "Now for stockings! It's getting late,

children. I must have you all in before long. "Stockings?" They all knew what that meant, and

o did Bijah, but it was wonderful how many that tree had to carry. Bob Hopkins insisted on hanging two pairs for himself, and Thad Simpson was begging his mother for a second pair, when Liph Hardy came in from the kitchen with a great, long, empty grain

"What in the world is that for?" asked grandmother, perfectly astonished. "Why, child, what do you mean by bringing that thing in here?

one oig stocking for grandfathe

Let's hang it up, boys. Maybe Santa Claus 'll come and fill it." There was no end of fun over Grandfather Vrooman's grain bag stocking. that was all leg and no foot, but Uncle Hiram Simpson took it and fastened it strongly to a branch in the middle of the tree. It was close to the trunk, and was almost hidden; but Liph saw Uncle Hiram wink at Aunt Ellen, and be

knew there was fun of some kind that he had not thought of. Grandmother Vrooman had been so busy with all those children from the moment they came into the house that she had almost lost her anxiety; but it ame back to her now all of a sudden "Sakes alive! Jane," she said to Mrs. Hardy, "every last one of 'sm'e got to be in bed before we can do a

thing with the stockings." Bijah heard her, for he was just be youd the dining-room door, with a cruller in each hand, and it made him

shiver all over. "I wish I was in the 'sylum. We, I don't either, but I kind o' wish I was Bijah was a very small but was a belief the world but had not seen much of the world, but his ideas were almost as clear as those of the other children, and Grandmother Vrooman for the next fifteen mia-utes. The way the Simpson and Hop-kins families got mixed up, with Liph and Sue Hardy tohelp them, was some-thing wonderful. Old Bush wandered from room to room after them, wagging his tail and whining.
"Mother," exclaimed Mrs. Hardy at

last, "the bed you made on the floor in the store-room! "Just the thing for him. All the rest go in pairs. I'll put that poor little

dear right in there So she did, and not one of her own grand-children was tucked in warmer than was Bijah. He did not kick the bedelothes off next minute, either, and he was the only child in the house of whom that could be said. Grandfathe Vrooman paid a visit of inspection all around from room to room, and Bush went with him. It took him a good while. When he came to the storeroom and looked in, Bijah's tired eyes were already closed as tight as were the fingers of the little hand on the coverlet, which was still grasping a crul-

He was fast asleep, but Grandfather Vrooman was not; and yet, when Bush looked up at him, the old man's eyes were shut too, and there was a stir is his thick white beard as if his lips were

moving. Things got pretty still after a while and then there began a steady procession in and out of the "dark room." which was not dark. Boxes went in, and bundles, and

these were opened and untied, and their contents spread out and looked at and distributed. It was no wonder Grandfather Vrooman's big sleigh had been so full, and the one Pat had driven. when they brought the Hopkins and Simpson families from the north and south railway stations.
Grandfather himself went away out

to the barn once for something he said he had hidden there, and while he was gone Aunt Ellen Simpson and Uncle Hiram slipped a package into the grain bag, and grandmother handed Uncle Hiram another to slip in on top of it, and Uncle John Hardy and Uncle Martin Hopkins each handed him another, and the bag was almost half full, but you could not see it from outside; and then they all winked at each other when grandfather came in with a back-load of sleds. Grandmother may have hought she knew what they were winking about, but she didn't, for Unele Hiram whispered to Aunt Ellen "I'm glad it's a big stocking. One

ll do for both of 'em. It was late when they all went to bed, and there was so much fire in the fire-place they were half afraid to leave it, but Grandfather Vrooman said i was of no use to try and cover it up and the room would be warm in the

morning. When they got upstairs the children must all have been asleep, for there was not a sound from any room, and the older people went to bed on tiptoe and they had tried hard to not so mu

s whisper on the stairs. Oh, how beautiful the country was when the gray dawn came next morn-

ing!-white and still in the dim and growing light.
So still! But the stillest place was the one Bijah woke up in. not guess where he was at first, but he awhile and remembered. 'Santa Claus' house, and they're all real good. He's going to give me to somebody as soon as it's Christmas."

He got up very quickly and looked around him. It was not dark in the store-room, for there was a great square hole in the middle of the floor, and a glow of dull red light came up through it which almost made Bijah There was his little gray suit of

othes, cap and all, close by his bed on the floor, and he put them on faster than he ever had done it before. "Where's my other stocking?" He searched and searched, but it was of no use, and he said, "I can't run away in the snow with a bare foot. He had been getting braver and braver, now he was wide awake, and he crawled forward and looked down the scuttle-hole. He knew that room in a

fore he knew the tree.
"Ever so many stockings! And they're all full. Look at those sleds! Whichever way he looked he saw something wonderful, and he began to get excited. "I can climb down. It's just like go-

ninute, but he had to look twice be-

ng downstairs. It was just about as safe and easy, with all those branches under him, and all he had to do was to sit on one, and get ready to sit on the next one below him. He got about half way down, and there was the grain bag, with its mouth wide open. Just beyond it on the same bough, but further out, there hung a very small stocking indeed.

It's cram full, too. They've borrowed it, after all theirs were full. I want it to put on now, but I can't reach it Just then he began to hear noises upstairs, and other noises in the rooms be low-shouts and stamping, and people calling to one another-and he could

That's mine!" exclaimed Bijah.

not make out what they were saying. "Oh, dear! they're coming. San aus is coming. What 'll I do?" Claus is coming. What 'll I do?"
Bijah was scared; but there was the vide mouth of Grandfather Vrooman's

grain-bag "stocking," and almost be-fore Bijah knew what he was doing he had slipped in.
Poor Bijah! The moment he was in discovered that he could not climb out. He tried hard, but there was othing on the sides of the bag for his

eet to climb on. Next moment, too, ne wanted to crouch down as low as he could, for all the noise seemed to be coming nearer.
So it was, indeed, and at the head of were grandfather and grandmothe and the other grown-up people, trying to keep back the boys and girls unti-

they should all be gathered. "Where's Bijah?" asked grandfather, after he had counted twice around, and was sure about the rest. "Bijah!" exclaimed Liph. ooked in the store-room; he isn'

there.' "Hope the little chap didn't get ared and run away." "Dear me-through the snow!

laimed grandmether.